

CAN ZON 10,



How made I, then, attempt in courtly
 fashion, To gam the virgin conquest of
 thy love ? How did my sighs decipher inward
 Passion, When they to kind regard thy heart
 did move ? When thou vouchsaf st to grace the
 evening air, How have I lain in ambush to
 betray thee ? Our eyes have skirmished ! but
 my tongue would pray thee To join thy Pity
 partner with thy Fair !
 Since that, how often have they sent wept
 Elegies To beg remorse at thy obdurate
 heart! How often hath my Muse in comic
 poesies, To feed thy humour, played a
 comic part! But, now, the Pastime of my
 pen is silenced ! To act in Tragic Vein,
 alone is licensed.

CANZON ii.



How wert thou pleased with my Pastoral
 Ode ! Which late I sent thee; wherein I, thy
 Swain, In rural tune, on pipe did chaunt
 abroad Thee, for the loveliest Lass that traced
 the plain. There, on thy head, I, FLORA'S
 Chaplet placed ! There, did my pipe proclaim
 thee, Summer's Queen ! Each herdgroom,
 with that honour held thee graced ! When
 lawny white did chequer with thy green.

There, did I bargain all my kids to
 thee ! My spotted lambkins, choicest
 of my fold! So thou would'st sit and
 keep thy flock by me: So much I
 joyed, thy beauty to behold,
 How many Cantons then, sent I to thee ! Who,
 though on two strings only raised their strain.
 To wit, my Grief, and thy unmatched Beauty;
 Yet well their harmony could please thy vein !
 Well could they please thee, and thou term
 them witty; But now as fortunes change, so
 change my Ditty!